

Fublished by the Press Publishing Company, No. 61 to 61 Park Row, New York.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 47......NO. 18,408.



MONEY-SAVER VS. MONEY-SPENDER. "If I had my life to live over again," said the late Russell Sage, on an occasion, "I would try just as hard to turn my money over and over again, that it might do the most good to other men."

> "Progress depends on ambition," says Dr. G. Frank Lydson, the well-known alienist, "Ambition is fed by gold. If rewards be not in sight, men will not strive and ambition will cease."

But while Mr. Sage also said that "Any man can earn a dollar, but it takes a wise man to use it," Dr. Lydson holds that, if the accumulation of wealth be allowed, "then I stand for the right of the rich man to spend it to suit himself."

The philosopher-physician is replying to the declarations of Prof. Zeubier, of the University of Chicago, in recent lectures on the leisure class, anarchy and the distribution of wealth. It is a coincidence of the news columns that his defense of spendthrifts is printed at the same time with the obituaries and the remembered maxims of one of America's most famous money-savers.

Some of Mr. Sage's expressed convictions were these:

Society is to blame for many wasted lives.

Those who live for pleasure alone do no good to themselves or to others. There is no such thing as the money curse; a good man cannot have too

it is a suspensing fact that many men endure unwarranted expenditures for no other reason than to excite the envy of their neighbors. How wicked is this! As if he might be answering these thoughts, instead of the words of

another man, Dr. Lydson goes on thus: The degenerate son of a millionaire is a benefactor of his race as compared

It is a pity that Rockefeller has not a spendthrift son to antidote the baleful

influence of his sire by redistributing his wealth.

Harry Thaw, the spender, has done more for the equalization of wealth than chas young Rockefeller, the Sunday-school teacher,

The degenerate is an evil with the soul of good in it.

Many will be found to argue that the precepts of "Uncle Russell" are better than was his example as a money-grubber.

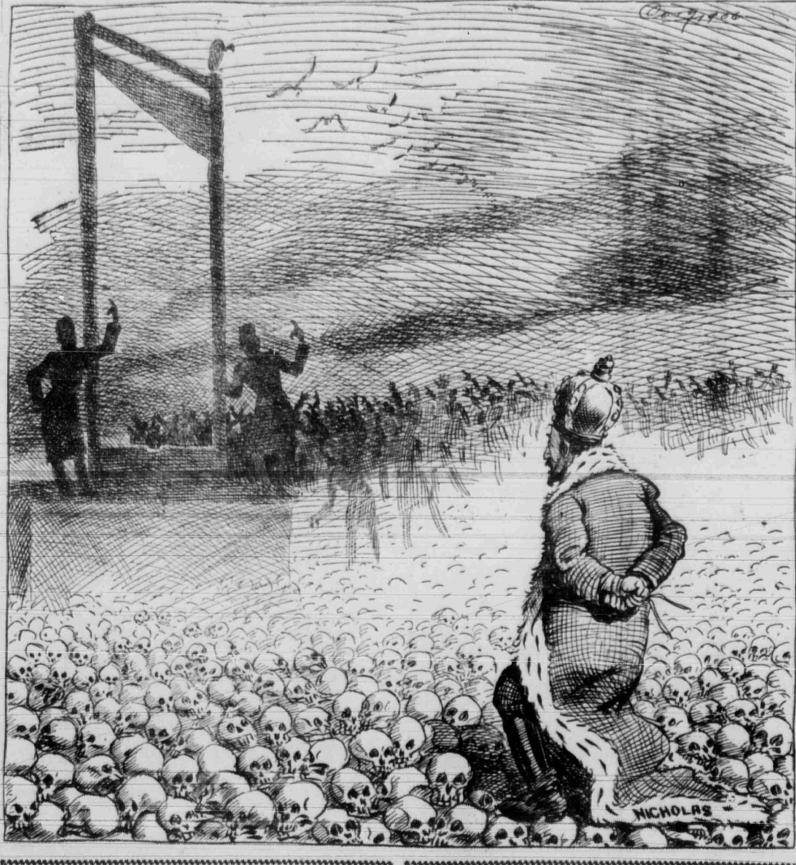
As for Dr. Lydson, his words are those of a radical who is willing to credit more of his fellow men than would Mr. Sage with the ability to use dollars wisely. His tribute is to spendthrifts as instruments, not as men. He permits an economic view of affairs to overshadow the moral

In the final adjustment of matters there will be prevalent, as to the redistribution of wealth, better-balanced ideas than those of the doctor. It would, indeed, be a pitiful state of things if we were to be forced to the end of time to look to dissolute human nature as a corrective for in-

"Wisdom is the principal thing," says the ancient writings, "therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting"—which may include wealth with wisdom—"get understanding." When these conditions are fully attained, there will be no defense of spendthrifts. Nor is it likely that the man will be accounted wise who spends the best part of ninety years In merely turning dollars over and over again.

"Come!"

By J. Campbell Cory.





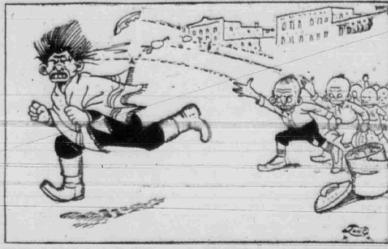
The American Colony -A Place to Go Slumming.

R. MAXIM CORKY, now slandering in our midst, seems to be suffering from what veterinarians call the foot-and-mouth disease. Every time he opens one he puts the other in it. He ought to be getting tired of the taste of Russia leather pretty soon.

To begin with, he brought over the wrong lady's baggage when he first headed for these shores to enjoy our hospitality and then to call it names in a book. As a consequence, he changed family hotels so often that he never washed his hands twice in succession with the same piece of pale pink soap. For a while he was as transient as a white chip.

As a people, we are prepared to make allowances for a man who wears his hair the same way a horse does and goes to social functions in a pair of purple plush pants and a breakfast shawl. But when the honored guest keeps on breaking out just when we thought we had the inflammation checked, popular opinion is bound, sooner or later, to figure it out that our rapid-fire Maxim is getting to be a squirt gun.

Either Brer Gorky climbed upon a rubberneck wagon and rode through that well-settled section lying on you edge of the Bowery or he saw a picture of it, or somebody told him about it, or he got a souvenir postal card showing Hester street on a Friday night. Anyhow, he has just treated us to a bright, chatty article that isn't calculated to help local real estate values a bit. He says he saw young children delving in the garbage barrels, and he thinks they were looking for food. Not so. The little innocents were



merely seeking for something appropriate to throw at a foreign gentleman wearing shetland pony bangs and dressed up like a hoochie-coochie show.

Some of these days it is going to dawn on the Gorky bunch that the est place to study misery in the Town of Tired Faces isn't down among the newly arrived. It's up in the American colony. All over the Island boys who never inherited a cent or an armorial quartering are growing up to be lawyers and doctors and district leaders and lightweight pugilists an members of the other learned professions. It's only in certain restricted

quarters that you find paresis coming with the first pair of long pants.

There are more persons qualifying for life jobs in the wheel works on Fifth avenue in one afternoon than there are east of the Third Avenue "L" in a month. The Opera Hat Belt is the proper place for those kindly sociologists who have come among us to elevate mankind at ten cents a word just as long as the magazines will stand for it. The woods of Central Park are full of material for them—mild-faced old philanthropists who would be out in gum-shoes stealing the numbers off your house if they didn't know a better way in Wall street; leaders of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to An'mais driving splinter-tailed, bit-tortured horses; lady patronesses of the Mothers' Congress who wouldn't pick up a live baby with tongs; just any number of prominently connected people who haven't anything but money-not a single, blessed thing.

THE FUNNY PART:

Why doesn't the east side ever go slumming on Riverside Drive?

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Betrayal

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* A Traitor's Romance



"You are thinking"— I murmured.
"Of the Duke! Yes! There was a man who to-